

Cass. But soft I pray you: what did *Caesar* swoone?
Cass. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd
at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

Cass. No, *Caesar* hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest *Caska*, we haue the Falling sicknesse.

Cass. I know not what you meane by that, but I am
sure *Caesar* fell downe. If the rag-ragge people did not
clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and dis-
pleas'd them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Thea-
tre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

Cass. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd
the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he
pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat
to cut: and I had bene a man of any Occupation, if I
would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might
goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When
he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or
said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke
it was his infirmities. Three or foure Wenches where I
stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgau him with
all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them;
if *Caesar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done
no lesse.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cass. I.

Cass. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cass. I, he spoke Greeke.

Cass. To what effect?

Cass. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you
i'th face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd
at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine
owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more
newes too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes
off *Caesars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well.
There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remem-
ber it.

Cass. Will you suppe with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cass. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cass. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cass. If I be alieue, and your minde hold, and your
Dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good, I will expect you.

Cass. Doe so: farewell both. *Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cass. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How-euer he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which giues men stomacke to digest his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:

For this time I will leaue you:

To morrow, if you please to speake with me,

I will come home to you: or if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble; yet I see,

Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,

That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:

For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?

Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In feuerall Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from feuerall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Caesars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Caesar* feat him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit.

*Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska,
and Cicero.*

Cic. Good euen, *Caska*: brought you *Caesar* home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?

Cass. Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O *Cicero*,
I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Haue riu'd the knotte Oakes, and I haue seene
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatening Clouds:
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire,
Eythre there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,
Or else the World, too fawcie with the Gods,
Incenstes them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Cass. A common slave, you know him well by sight,

Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches ioynd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.

Besides, I ha' not since put vp my Sword,
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,

Who glaz'd vpon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne

Vpon a heape, a hundred gaily Women,
Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw

Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes,
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,

Euer at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,
Howling, and shrieking. When these Prodigies

Doe so coniointly meet, let not men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:

For I beleeeue, they are portentous things
Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,

Cleane from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Caesar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cass. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*:
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cass. Farewell *Cicero*. *Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cass. Who's there?

Cass. A Roman.

Cass. *Caska*, by your Voyce.

Cass. Your Eare is good.

Cass. What Night is this?

Cass. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Cass. Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

Cass. Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of
faults.

For

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Brest of Heauen, I did present my selfe
Euen in the ayre, and very flash of it.

(*uens?*)

Cass. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
uen? It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heralds, to astonish vs.

Cass. You are dull, *Caska*:
And chose sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you vse not.

You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:
But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,

Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,

Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,

That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,

Vnto some monstrous State.
Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,

Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,

As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,

In personall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.

Cass. 'Tis *Caesar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cass. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;

But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,

Our yoake, and sufferance, flew vs Womanish.
Cass. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow

Meane to establish *Caesar* as a King:
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,

In euery place, saue here in Italy.
Cass. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;

Cassius from Bondage will deliuer *Cassius*:
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;

Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat,
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,

Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentiu to the strength of spirit:

But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.

If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,

I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*
Cass. So can I:

So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captiuitie.

Cass. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,

But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.

Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?

What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cass. You speake to *Caska*, and to such a man,
That is no feareful Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:

Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,

As who goes farthest.
Cass. There's a Bargaine made.

Now know you, *Caska*, I haue mou'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans

To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;

And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompheys* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,

There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
And the Complexion of the Element

Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cass. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in
haste.

Cass. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus*
Cymbre?

Cass. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?

Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?

There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights.
Cass. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are, O *Cassius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*

To our party.
Cass. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,

And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this

In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,

Repaire to *Pompheys* Porch, where you shall finde vs.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymbre*, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,

And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.
Cass. That done, repaire to *Pompheys* Theater.

Exit Cinna.

Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him

Is ours already, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.

Cass. O, hee fits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,

His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Cass. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,

For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exit.

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